The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

LEONARD RATZLAFF, conductor

WITH

ALEXANDRA MUNN and ERNESTO LEJANO, piano

Thursday, March 19, 1984 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

A'un giro sol de bell'occhi lucenti. . . . . Claudio Monteverdi
(Il quarto libro de madrigali, 1603) (1567-1643)
Draw on, sweet night . . . . . .John Wilbye
(The Second Set of Madrigales..., 1609) (1574-1638)
Thule, the period of cosmography . . . . . Thomas Weelkes
(Madrigals of Five and Six Parts, 1600) (1576-1623)

Five Flower Songs, Op. 47 (1950) . . . . . Benjamin Britten
To Daffodils (1913-1976)
The Succession of Four Sweet Months
Marsh Flowers
The Evening Primrose
Ballad of Green Broom

Waltzes, Op. 39, Nos. 2 and 11 (1867). . . . . .Johannes Brahms
Hungarian Dance No. 6 (1869) (1833-1897)

ALEXANDRA MUNN and ERNESTO LEJANO

Dulcia Iuventutis (Three Songs for
Mixed Voices and Piano Duet), Op. 97. . . . . Alun Hoddinott
Nunc est Bibendum (b. 1929)
Novus Amor
Tenera Iuventa

RICK WILLIAMS, baritone
ALEXANDRA MUNN AND ERNESTO LEJANO

INTERMISSION

Six Chansons (1939) (poems by Rilke) . . . . . Paul Hindemith
La Biche (1895-1963)
Un Cygne
Puisque tout passe
Printemps
En Hiver
Verger

The Sea . . . . . Malcolm Forsyth
In the dying of anything (b. 1936)

Just as the tide was flowing. . . . . arr. R. Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Two Songs from The Tender Land (1950) . . . . . Aaron Copland
The Promise of Living (b. 1900)
Stomp your Foot!

ALEXANDRA MUNN and ERNESTO LEJANO

The University of Alberta Madrigal Singers

Soprano

Carol Dyck
Janet Halsall
Jane Hartling
Sheryl Janzen
Denise Lemke
Ardelle Ries

Alto

Frances Jellard
Lori Nowochin
Elizabeth Raycroft
Lisa Trofymow
Elizabeth Turnbull

Tenor

David Bacon
Neal Evans
Glen Halls

Bass

Laurier Fagnan
Peter Gaucher
Paul Mitchinson
Rick Williams
David Zacharko

Rehearsal Accompanist

Douglas Schalin

This concert is being recorded by CBC for future broadcast on the program Edmonton on Stage, Saturdays at 5:05 p.m. (AM) and 10:05 p.m. (FM).

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

A'un giro sol de bell' occhi lucenti

A single glance from your beautiful, radiant eyes,
And lo, nature all around laughs, sea and wind are put to sleep,
And the heavens are adorned with new light!

Draw on, sweet night

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares that arise
from melancholy,
My life so ill through want of comfort fares, that unto thee
I consecrate it wholly.
My griefs, when they be told to shades and darkness,
find some ease from paining.
And while thou all in silence dost enfold, I then shall have
best time for my complaining.

Thule, the period of cosmography

Thule, the period of cosmography, doth vaunt of Hecla,
whose sulphureous fire doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinicrian Etna's flames ascend not higher.
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry!

The Andalusian merchant that returns, laden with cochineal
and China dishes, reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns
amidst an ocean full of flying fishes.
These things seem wondrous ....

To Daffodils (Robert Herrick)

Fair daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay, until the hasting day has run but to evensong;
And, having prayed together, we will go with you along.
We have short time to stay as you. We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay, as you, or any thing.
We die, as your hours do, and dry away like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew, ne'er to be found again!

The Succession of the Four Sweet Months (Herrick)

First, April, she with mellow showers, opens the way for early flowers,
Then after her comes smiling May in a more rich and sweet array,
Next enters June and brings us more gems than those two that went before,
Then (lastly), July comes and she more wealth brings in than all those three.

Marsh Flowers (George Crabbe)

Here the strong mallow strikes her slimy root,
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit:
Here on hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencilled flower of sickly scent is seen.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume.

At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs
With fruit globose and fierce with poison'd stings;
In ev'ry chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
These, with our seaweeds rolling up and down,
Form the contracted Flora of our town.

The Evening Primrose (John Clare)

When once the sun sinks in the west,
And dewdrops pearl the evening's breast;
Almost as pale as moonbeams are,
Or its companionable star,
The evening primrose opes anew
Its delicate blossoms to the dew
And, hermitlike, shunning the light,
wastes its fair bloom upon the night;
Who, blindfold to its fond caresses,
Knows not the beauty he possesses.
Thus it blooms on while night is by,
When day looks out with open eye,
'Bashed at the gaze it cannot shun,
It faints and withers and is gone.

The Ballad of Green Broom

There was an old man liv'd out in the wood,
And his trade was acutting of green broom,
He had but one son without thought, without good
Who lay in his bed till t'was bright noon;
Green broom, green broom....

The old man awoke one morning and spoke
He swore he would fire that room
If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut green broom.

So Johnny arose and slipped on his clothes
And away to the wood to cut green broom,
He sharpened his knives, and for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of green broom.

When Johnny passed under a lady's fine house,
Passed under a lady's fine room,
She called to her maid: "Go fetch me," she said,
"Go fetch me the boy that sells green broom!"

When Johnny came in to the lady's fine house,
And stood in the Lady's fine room.
"Young Johnny" she said, "Will you give up your trade
And marry a lady in bloom, in full bloom?"

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they both went
And he wedded the lady in bloom, full bloom,
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There's none like the boy that sold broom, green broom.

Nunc est Bibendum

You splendid drinkers shall have all an endless thirst at beck and call,
And speed which lesser men would appal, no bottle shall forgotten fall,
Nor sleep unchanged beside the wall, but pass around,
And with the wittiest jests your hall shall aye abound.

He who cannot drink his share, forth from our feast then let him fare.
Let none here modesty declare, for prudish ways we do not care;
Within the wild restraint the proof alone will bear of foolish mind.

When you're forced, to your delight, to drink alone by day or night,
Until you cannot stand upright, nor simple sentences indite;
Yet you shall always have the strength to pledge the strong,
And any glass, whatever its length, to drain in one.

Novus Amor

Behold the time for joying, you maidens hear;
Enjoy it then together, youths far and near.

Oh! Oh! Like some new flower am I,
Now for love of maid entrancing, whence I burn and sigh,
So new, so new is love, whence I'll surely die.

The flower of womankind, her I adore,
No fairer rose there grows that e'er I saw.

Oh! Oh! Like some new flower.....

Thine untouched maidenhood to mock me seems
Thy very innocence haunts all my dreams.

Oh! Oh! like some new flower.....

Come my little sweetheart, great joy to me;
Come then, my lovely, come, I die for thee.

Oh! Oh! Like some new flower.....

Tenera Iuventa

Call a halt to studying, for dissipation is fun.
Hold on to every good thing, the joys of being young.
Time enough to ponder on the horrors of old age.

Swiftly the years pass away lost in study serious,
But for tender youth 'tis play makes its call imperious.

The spring of life slips fast away and winter's threats close loom,
Life bears the bruises of the day, care wraps the flesh in gloom.
The blood dries up, the heart grows dull, for all delights must fade,
And now old age begins to pull the body down by plagues decayed.

Swiftly the years pass away .....

Imitate the gods above, worthy such an aim must be;
And the sweet demands of love maids and men shall surely see.
We will give our vote for this, that's the custom of the young.
On the streets you'll find your bliss 'mid the maidens' dancing throng.

Swiftly the years pass away .....

You will find life easy there all around so much to see,
Glowing are their limbs so bare,tempting, swirling, fresh and free.
While the girls around us twirl with their gestures so alluring;
As I watch I'm in a whirl and my heart they're stealing.

Swiftly the years pass away .....

La Biche (Rainer Maria Rilke)

O thou doe, what vistas of secular forests appear in thine eyes reflected!
What confidence serene affected by transient shades, by shades of fear.
And all is borne on thy bounding course, for so gracile art thou!
Nor comes aught to astound the impassive awareness of thy brow.

Un Cygne

A swan is breasting the flow all in himself enfolded like a slow-moving tableau.
And so, at some time or place, a loved one will be molded to seem like a
migrating space; will near us, floating redoubled as a swan on the river.
Upon our soul so troubled, which swells it by the addition of a wraith aquiver
with delight and suspicion.

Puisque tout passe

Since all is passing, retain the melodies that wander by us.
That which assuages when nigh us shall alone remain.
Let us sing what will leave us with our love and art;
Ere it can grieve us, let us the sooner depart.

Printemps

O song that from the sap art pouring and through the sounding board of all
this greenwood art soaring,
Amplify our brief tone, the dying strains restoring.
"Tis but few measures' duration that we share the fantasy, the endless variation
of thy long ecstacy, o nature, fount of creation.
After our song is ended, others will assume the part, but meanwhile how can I
tender unto thee all my heart in full surrender?

En Hiver

With the winter, Death, grisly guest through the doorway steals in,
both the young and old to quest, and he plays them his violin.
But when the Spring's spades are beating frozen earth beneath blue sky,
then Death his way goes fleeting, lightly greeting passersby.

Verger

The earth is nowhere so real a presence as mid thy branches, O orchard bright,
And nowhere so airy as here in the pleasance of lacy shadows on grassy pond.

There we encounter that which we quested, that which sustains and nourishes life,
And with it the passage manifested of sweetest tenderness undying.

But at thy center the spring's limpid waters, almost asleep in the fountain's heart,
Of this strange contrast scarce have taught us, since of them it is so truly a part.

The Sea (Dorothy Parker)

Who lay against the sea and fled, who lightly loved the wave,
Shall never know when he is dead a cool and murmurous grave.

But in a shallow pit shall rest for all Eternity,
And bear the Earth upon the breast that once had worn the sea.

In the Dying of Anything (Brian Patten)

In the dying of anything there walks a creature looking for its song.
Huge, it bends down planets, that it might ask them the ways back to life again,
but we lie quieter now, older.
In the dying of anything there walks a creature looking for its song.

Just as the tide was flowing

One morning in the month of May, down by some rolling river,
A jolly sailor, I did stray, when I beheld my lover.
She carelessly along did stray, apicking of the daisies gay;
And sweetly sang her roundelay, just as the tide was flowing.

O! her dress it was so white as milk, and jewels did adorn her.
Her shoes were made of the crimson silk, just like some lady of honour.
Her cheeks were red, her eyes were brown, her hair in ringlets hanging down;
She'd a lovely brow without a frown just as the tide was flowing.

I made a bow and said "Fair maid, how came you here so early;
My heart by you it is betrayed, for I do love you dearly.
I am a sailor come from sea; if you will accept of my company
To walk and view the fishes play." Just as the tide was flowing.

No more we said, but on our way we ganged along together;
The small birds sang, and the lambs did play, and pleasant was the weather.
When we were weary we did sit down, beneath a tree with branches round;
For my true love at last I'd found, just as the tide was flowing.

The Promise of Living (Horace Everett)

The promise of living with hope and thanksgiving
Is born of our loving our friends and our labor.

The promise of growing with faith and with knowing
Is born of our sharing our love with our neighbor.

The promise of living, the promise of growing
Is born of our singing in joy and thanksgiving.

For many a year we've known these fields and known all the work that makes them yield,
Are you ready to lend a hand? By working together we'll bring in the harvest.
We plant each row with seeds of grain, and Providence sends us the sun and the rain,
By lending a hand (an arm) bring out from the farm the blessings of harvest.

O let us be joyful, O let us be grateful, come join us in thanking the Lord
for His blessing .
Give thanks there was sunshine, give thanks there was rain,
Give thanks we have hands to deliver the grain,
O let us be joyful to the Lord for His blessing

The promise of living ....

Stomp your foot

Stomp your foot upon the floor, throw the windows open,
Take a breath of fresh June air, and dance around the room.

The air is free, the night is warm,
The music's here, and here's my home.

Men must labor to be happy, plowing fields and planting rows.
But ladies love a life that's easy, churning butter, milking cows....

Ladies love their fine amusement, putting patches in a quilt,
But men prefer to bend their shoulder to something that will stand when built....

Stomp your foot .....